

A Dream of Home.

The sun's rays slant the path along,
The air is balmy as in June;
The robin sings his evening song,
And through the sky the new, gray moon
Moves calmly on, untrammelled, free,
But something whispers unto me—
"Not yet!"

The brook sings as it gently flows,
The frog croaks by the water's rim;
There in content the lily grows,
And there the fishes darting swim;
I hear and see the old brown mill,
But, ah! these sad words haunt me still—
"Not yet!"

In clover meadows broad and fair,
In drowsy mood the cows await
The farm-boy's call upon the air,
While, with his pail, beside the gate
Which opens down the grassy lane,
My brother breathes these words of pain—
"Not yet!"

The steeped church, the schoolhouse near,
The wood where I have roamed at night,
The quaint, old farmhouse, to me dear,
My youthful home—my manhood's still—
I see these as in days gone by,
But something whispers (as I sigh)
"Not yet!"

Oh, hearts, in whom there is no May!
Who yearn to hear my footfalls where
The path, so beaten, takes its way
Under old trees so grand and fair!
Dear hearts who long for me to come,
I can but say I can go home
"Not yet!"

For longer, still, your breasts must know
A fondness free from all disguise,
Ere I can leave these scenes and go
And look into fair, loving eyes,
And clasp the hands so warm, and kiss
The lips I've pressed so oft in bliss—
"Not yet!"

Forgotten, but as sweet and strong
As when one dreamful autumn day
I said "good-bye," and passed along
Down the old walk, and went away,
Not thinking there would come a day
When I should have, as now, to say—
"Not yet!"

Alas, not yet! Far, far from this!
Still must I wait! All I can do
Is just to wait a long, long kiss,
Bedewed with love, Oh, hearts, to you,
And murmur these sad words once more,
Unthought of in the days of yore—
"Not yet!"

—George Newell Lovejoy.

HIS SACRIFICE.

By the window of the drawing-room
of the corner house in a dingy London
square stood Honor Wyllie and Archer
Douglas—a tall, dark-complexioned
girl; and a slight, fair young man,
somewhat above the middle height.

Honor's slender fingers were me-
chanically untwisting the cords of the
tassel that hung from the heavy cur-
tains; her large gray eyes were di-
rected at the little inclosure of smoky-
looking trees, upon which the smut-
laden rain was falling, but they saw
neither trees nor rain.

"I never for an instant thought of
this," she said, without moving. "Be-
lieve me, never, or I should have been
more careful."

Her companion made no reply; yet
his figure expressed attention.
"All this time I have been under the
impression that you knew I was
engaged. It has been no secret. I
thought every one knew."

Still no answer. The young man's
bent head dropped lower on his breast.
"Do speak to me," she said, plead-
ingly, after a pause. "Be angry with
me—anything rather than this silence!
I am so sorry—so ashamed—"

"Angry!" and Douglas checked a
groan that had all but made itself
heard.

He approached a step nearer to her,
to look earnestly at her profile, then
started as a drop of water suddenly
fell upon the back of her hand.

"Crying, Honor! There, I will go.
Thank you for everything. I hope
he is worthy your love, Honor.
Heaven bless you! May you be very
happy! Don't shed any tears for me—
I don't want to think I have clouded
your happiness."

"And I am forgiven?" she con-
trived to ask in a choked voice.

"Forgiven! For what? For being
too kind and sweet? Yes, I forgive
you that, Miss Wyllie! Good-bye."

He moved slowly and unwillingly to
the door.

She waited till he reached it, then
advanced to the middle of the room.

"You say you are not angry, and
yet—you are going like that."

Douglas stood irresolute. Dare he
trust himself to take the soft hand ap-
pealingly extended? His powers of
self-control were already drawn upon
to almost their full extent.

The next instant he held her hand in
a grasp that made her flinch, drawing
her toward him the while to obtain a
better view of her half-averted face.

"Honor," he said, almost fiercely,
"do you know what you made me
think? That if I had been the first—
if you were free now—"

"Oh, hush!" she cried, shrinking
from him; and wrenching away her
hand, she retreated to the window,
pale as ashes.

Their eyes met. Then not ventur-
ing to utter another word he hastily
quitted the room.

Honor, trembling like a leaf, her
heart beating wildly, pressed her face
to the pane to see him pass up the
square; and when he was out of sight
sank on the floor with her head buried
in her arms on the settee.

She had not long been in this posi-
tion before a slim, middle-aged lady
entered, to look round at first without
seeing her. Then, on a second inspec-
tion, becoming aware of the presence
of Honor, she sat down beside her and
laid her hand on the tumbled hair.

"Dear me!" she cried, wrinkling
her smooth brow. "Tut, tut, tut!
Come, come! Why, pet!"

These sympathetic ejaculations made
the girl move her position, throw one
arm round the waist of the consoler,

and lay her tear-wet face on the care-
ssing hand.

Miss Mellis—one of the three
maiden aunts of Honor Wyllie—said
nothing further at the moment. She
contented herself with parting,
smoothing and toying with her niece's
hair, and waited.

"There," said Honor at last, sitting
up and drying her eyes, "auntie, you
won't be angry—no, I mean vexed at
what I am going to say?"

"Surely not, love. What is it, eh?"
asked Miss Mellis, in a soft and sooth-
ing tone.

"I should like to go home at once—
to-night or to-morrow. Oh! you will
let me, Aunt Alice? You will not
make objections?"

"But why, Honor? What have we
done?"

"Nothing, aunt. But I want to get
away from London. I must go!"

She was so earnest that Miss Mellis
looked startled and troubled.

"What will Aunt Anne and Aunt
Mary say?" she asked. "They have
been making plans for taking you out
next week—a concert, I think—but
don't let them know I told you, for it
was to be a surprise. And your visit
only half over!"

"I will talk to them, aunt, and
they will not be offended. I will finish
the visit sometime."

"It is through him, is it not?" and
Miss Mellis gave a little nod at the
window, as though Archer Douglas
were just outside.

Honor's look answered her.

In the meantime Douglas started
back to his chambers in Lincoln's Inn
in so confused a frame of mind that
after being twice nearly run over he
had to take a cab, unconscious even
that the driver thereof winked know-
ingly at another driver as he officially
helped him in.

Douglas might, in fact, have been
in the condition the cabman sup-
posed, so unconscious was he of what
went on around him. Even when he
was once more in his own room,
gloomy as a dark, wet day in London
could make, his thoughts were scarcely
under his own control.

For the next week he fought hard
to drive from his mind this gnawing
regret; but he fought vainly, for the
conviction that she could have loved,
or ever did actually love him, was too
strong; and his trouble, instead of
growing less, seemed almost to in-
crease.

He determined at last to go away
for a time and see what change would
effect. And with this decision came
another. He would make an attempt
to be reconciled to his father with
whom he had quarreled some six
months since.

While he was full of hopes and plans
for the future, Honor Wyllie partici-
pating in them all, this division from
the only near relation he possessed
seemed but a trifling thing. Now that
he was again thrown upon himself,
his loneliness seemed to magnify ten-
times the weight of the blow that had
fallen upon him.

He felt rather like a prodigal as the
train whirled him through Kent and
into Sussex; for it was at Hastings
that his father now dwelt. He knew
that he had been in the wrong. On
the mere suggestion of a possible step-
mother he had spoken with passionate
resentment of such an idea. But why
not? His father was but forty-five.
Why should he be condemned to live
alone possibly twenty or thirty years
longer.

Still pondering over these questions
he reached the end of his journey.

He stood still among the crowd of
people even at this time of year seek-
ing health or amusement here. Inva-
lids in bath-chairs were wheeled past
him; children with spades tumbled
over his feet; sailors asked him if he
wanted a boat; but he scarcely saw or
heard. He looked sadly far out over
the wide expanse of sea, tinted in
stripes of gray and blue, as the clouds
and sky alternated above, and glisten-
ing with white streaks that, near at
hand, became the snowy crests of rest-
less waves.

Looking out thus he felt the desire
to be alone growing into a definite
longing. He shrank still from the
meeting with his father, who might,
for all he knew, receive him coldly and
keep him at a distance. And so think-
ing, he wandered through the quaint
old town and out upon the rock-strewn
beach.

A short walk brought him to a part
of the shore quite unfrequented. Here,
upon a boulder quaintly striped, where
larger boulders broke the cutting wind,
he sat and watched the breaking waves
and thought.

How long he had been there he
could not have told, when his reverie
was brought to an end by the appear-
ance of two figures between him and
the sea. Though not ten yards from
where he sat they did not see him,
but stood still in the wintry sunlight
in earnest and apparently agitated
talk.

"Thank you for your frankness,
love," the man was saying, though the
breeze caught the words and carried
them out of reach of Archer's ears.
"But you need not tremble so. Am I
so terrible?"

The girl, whose hand was in his,
tightened her clasp on his strong
fingers.

"And you will trust me again?"
she said.

"Trust you? Yes; but we will
wait a little. I believe in your earnest
desire to forget all this; but—some
things are beyond our power. Let us
see what a little time will do. Why
—who is this? What on earth—is it
possible? Archer!"

"Is it possible, father," was the
answer, as the young man came for-
ward, his pale face almost leaden in
hue.

He wanted to say some words of
apology—of regret—but none would
come. It was difficult to keep his
eyes from that other mute, startled

figure, with color flushing and fading,
which drew back, as though longing
to get out of sight.

Then this was the man who stood
between him and his love in both fig-
urative and literal sense—this man
who had seized both his hands in firm
grip—who was looking at him with
eyes suddenly become misty.

"Well, I am glad to see you, boy! I
thought you would come some day. I
am glad!"

"Are you, father?" Archer might
have himself felt a little moved, if it
had not been for that girlish figure
walking slowly away. "Perhaps I
should have come sooner if I had
guessed I should be so welcome."

"You are looking fearfully ill
though, Archer!" and Mr. Douglas sur-
veyed him anxiously. "What have
you been doing to yourself?"

"Nothing. Working too hard, pos-
sibly; and I have had one or two
things to worry me lately."

"You must tell me everything hon-
estly, lad; and I dare say I shall be
able to help you, whatever those
things are. And now—Don't go,
Honor—now I must introduce you.
Archer, this is Miss Wyllie, my future
wife."

Honor had turned back at once. She
extended her hand.

It was taken in silence.

"We have met before," she said,
turning her face, suffused with color,
toward Mr. Douglas.

That look was a revelation to the
elder man. His smile vanished, giv-
ing place to a strange, half-stunned
expression.

"Why did you not tell me it was
Archer?" he asked, in a low voice, of
Honor.

"I did not know he was your son,"
she faltered.

"I congratulate you, father," Archer
said, with forced lightness of manner.
"And for the present I will leave you
to finish your tete-a-tete."

He was turning away, but his father
caught him by the arm.

"No," he said, almost harshly, "I
cannot end so! You and Miss Wyllie
have often met before?"

Archer inclined his head and looked
at Honor, whose face was averted.

"You asked her to be your wife?"
"I did. Is it necessary?"

"I think so. I don't want to give
either of you needless pain. Tell me,
Archer—was her refusal the trouble
you alluded to just now? Have you
other troubles?"

Archer hesitated, ground his boot in
among the pebbles and looked out to
sea, and finally said, slowly:

"I shall answer neither of those
questions. I am deeply sorry that I
came down here. All I can do is to
go again. Good-bye. Heaven bless
you both! Miss Wyllie, you have
made a wise choice. I have no doubt
you will be happy."

He raised his hat; then pulling it
low over his brow strode away, with-
out heeding his father's detaining
voice.

Honor's eyes followed him until he
was out of sight.

"There is no train just now," said
Mr. Douglas, drawing her hand through
his arm, and walking slowly beside her
in the same direction. "I shall not let
him go. Honor, my dear girl, I need
not ask you if you love him."

"I love you!" she answered, cling-
ing to him. "You shall not turn me
away. Let us forget all this, and be
as we were before!"

"Do you mean this?"

"I do, Robert; you believe me, don't
you?"

He stopped to look at her, to find her
eyes meet him with a resolute and
steady gaze. Her face was paler than
usual, but that was all.

"My dear, I do believe you," he said,
with a quiet smile. "And now, I will
see you home before—"

He broke off and changed the sub-
ject with some haste.

As soon as he had seen her to her
door he hurried to his own home and
wrote two letters. Giving up his in-
tention of preventing his son's de-
parture, he occupied himself in pre-
paring for his own.

The next morning Honor received
one of the two letters. She dropped
over it many secret tears and held
long counsel with her mother upon
what it contained.

Toward night, two days later, a
tall, well-made man came out of a
hotel in Dover and took his way to-
ward the pier, with the intention of
going on board the night steamer for
Calais.

He had not gone far when there was
the sound of some one running be-
hind, and directly after he was caught
roughly by the arm. He swung
round and struck a blow that sent his
fancied assailant staggering into the
road.

At the same instant the moonlight
shone on the latter's face and he gave
an astonished exclamation:

"Archer!"

"The same," said the young man,
approaching him once more. "You
needn't have been in quite such a
hurry."

"My dear boy! Have I hurt you?"
"Not much—only made me a bit
giddy. It's no matter, so long as I
have caught you."

"What does this mean?" Mr. Doug-
las asked; then, "What brings you,
Archer?"

"You bring me," said his son, al-
most fiercely. "That is, your blind-
ness. Go back to her, father. You
meant to do what was best, instead of
which you have half broken her heart.
I have seen her, and it is as I
thought."

The elder man was a good deal agi-
tated.

"You are deceiving me!" he said,
huskily.

"Before Heaven I am not! Go, if
you will; but you leave her alone, for
I go too. You would have sacrificed
yourself, I know, father; don't think

I am ungrateful. But it is no good—
you are acting under a mistake. You
give it up."

"But you, Archer?"

"I! Oh, I'm right enough!" and
he laughed abruptly. "Pshaw, father!
what do you take me for, that you try
to saddle me with a wife who doesn't
care a straw for me? Come, you give
it up!"

"My trip to France? Yes. My
traps are on board, though. I must
try if I can rescue them."

"I'll see to that," said Archer, and
dashed off.

But either he was too late, or they
could not easily be found, for the
steamer paddled out of the harbor
with him on the deck, and the "traps"
unlabeled.

Archer did not go below during the
passage, but watched the moon appear
and disappear among the clouds, or
gazed at its silvery path over the
water.

Many of the passengers looked with
curiosity or interest at the young man
who, with pale face almost ghostly in
the bluish light, leaned motionless
against the side, and looked out on the
waters the whole night through.

Mr. Douglas followed at a more lei-
sured pace; when his son ran off and
left him his mind was busy with this
new problem. Could it be possible that
he had indeed been mistaken—that
Honor loved him, with his five-and-
forty years to look back upon, better
than Archer? Had her assertion that
it was but a passing fancy, a weakness
that she had conquered, been the sim-
ple truth? If so—

It was not long before he found that
his son had disappeared, and one or
two inquiries left no doubt as to where
he was gone.

On the following day he was again
at Hastings and held Honor in his
arms.

"Are you convinced now?" she
whispered. "Am I really quite for-
given?"

His sole answer was to press her
closer to his breast.

But though they have been married
four years and a curly-haired little An-
nie builds houses for baby with bricks
of wood, Archer Douglas has never
been to see his stepmother. Never
since that night has he set foot in
England, though long letters at rare
intervals tell us of his goings in Aus-
tralia, and are full of glowing descrip-
tions of the climate and of the pleas-
ures of the wild, free life out in the
bush.

Græco-Roman Wrestling.

Next to England and America,
France takes rank as a nation of
wrestlers, and it has also a distinctive
style, but one that is of comparatively
recent date. Its originator was one
Rossignol Rollin, and his greatest ex-
ponent Monsieur Fauvet, of whom it
is said no one could break the bridge
formed by this athlete arching his
back by the aid of his neck and heels.

This style of contention was brought
to America in 1876, and at once took
hold of the Americans, who are ever
on the alert for novelties. Its name—
Græco-Roman—had considerable to
do with its popularity; but search through
Greek and Roman history fails to sub-
stantiate the assertion that it was the
style of competition in use among the
gladiators of the Coliseum or athletic
arena. Research, however, shows that
it was introduced by an adventurer,
and that it was a mild species of catch-
as-catch-can style.

In the French contest the wrestlers
are stripped to the waist, and fight for
locks and grips above the waist, and no
hold below the belt is allowed, and no
tripping or foot playing can be in-
dulged in. Some years ago a party of
these French wrestlers crossed the
channel and threw down the gauntlet
to all England for a bout at their na-
tional pastime. They were met by
England's champions, and in the ma-
jority of encounters were worsted, as
the Britons knew just as much of the
supposed new style as did the French-
men, added to which they were in-
variably in much better condition than
the Frenchmen.

Rather Forgetful.

Failure of memory is apt to be at-
tended with very embarrassing re-
sults sometimes in social life. The
sister of an eminent clergyman, ac-
companying her brother to a dinner
party, entirely forgot that she was not
at her own table, and apologized for
the abominably bad dinner. She was
"quite ashamed" to see such dishes
sent to the table. The lady of the
house did not enjoy the blunder as
much as the other guests. Later in
New York a distinguished English
gentleman called on a big merchant
who had entertained him two years ago.

"How do you do, Mr.—?" he said, expect-
ing a cordial clasp. "Who are you?"
rejoined the merchant, whose manners
are at times brusque; "I don't know
you." "Sir G. C.," replied the other;
"I had the pleasure of dining with you
two years ago." "A mistake, sir; I
never saw you before," and poor Sir G.
C. retired dumbfounded.

A Good Reason.

"Look here," said the governor to a
high State official, "when are you
going to pay me that \$10?"

"Upon my honor, governor, I don't
know."

"Why, sir, the other day when I
mentioned the fact of your indebted-
ness you asked me where I would be
Tuesday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, wasn't that a promise that
you would pay me Tuesday?"

"No, sir."

"Why, then, did you want to know
where I would be Tuesday?"

"Because I wanted to know where
you'd be so I could make arrangements
to be somewhere else."—Arkansas
Traveller.

The Song of the Advertiser.

I am an advertiser great!
In letters bold and big and round
The praises of my wares I sound:
Prosperity is my estate.
The people come,
The people go
In one continuous,
Surging flow—
They buy my goods and come again,
And I'm the happiest of men;
And this the reason I relate—
I am an advertiser great!
There is a shop across the way
Where ne'er is heard a human tread,
Where trade is paralyzed and dead,
With ne'er a customer a day.
The people come,
The people go,
But never there;
They do not know
There's such a shop beneath the skies,
Because he does not advertise:
While I with pleasure contemplate
That I'm an advertiser great.
The secret of my fortune lies
In one small fact, which I may state,
Too many tradesmen learn too late—
If I have goods I advertise!
Then people come,
And people go
In constant streams,
For people know
That he who has good wares to sell
Will surely advertise them well;
And proudly I reiterate,
I am an advertiser great!

—Denver Tribune.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Cut and dried—Hay.
The best fire-escape—Repentance.
Of historic interest—The national
debt.

Looking glasses cast reflections and
so do jealous people.

The futile demands for ten-cent
pieces show that the United States
mint does not keep up with the dimes.
—Louisville Courier.

In some places a young man is not
thought much of unless he owns a
building lot. Out of sight, out of
mind.—Pittsburgh.

A full-grown ostrich is worth \$200.
We expect after announcing this fact
to hear of some leader of female
fashions tying the legs of an ostrich
under her chin and utilizing the entire
bird as a bonnet.—Philadelphia Chroni-
cle.

The mistress had gently reprimanded
her maid for oversleeping her in the
morning. "You see, ma'am," said the
servant, "I sleep very slowly, and so
it takes me much longer to get my full
sleep than it does others, you see,
ma'am."

It is said that everything is made
for something, and even cockroaches
have been found efficacious in the ma-
teria medica, but we have yet to find
a scientist who can explain what pil-
low-shams are made for.—Philadel-
phia News.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the novelist,
narrowly escaped having a middle
name. His parents intended to call
him Bjornstjerne Bjorjorjorjorjorjor-
stjerne Bjornson, but the "j" box gave
out before the third syllable of the
middle name was reached.—Norristown
Herald.

Ripon Lakeuna is the name of a
great Japanese lord who is traveling
through Europe like Gautier's "Fortu-
nio." When he was in Vienna he
chartered a hotel and sent invitations
to two hundred women to attend a
masked ball, at which he was the only
person of the masculine sex present.
He made them dance and eat and
drink, and when they sat down to sup-
per each found a superb bracelet hid-
den in her napkin. The Parisians ex-
pect that he will amuse them with
similar fantasticalities.

WISE WORDS.

Time with respect to principle is an
eternal now.

Charms strike the sight, but merit
wins the soul.

Take your life just as it is given to
you and make it as beautiful as you
can.

Thy friend has a friend and thy
friend's friend has a friend; be discreet.